Oh, how my body screams;
a silent cry, a resounding feel.
For it screams for longing,
that of delicate touch.
Every fiber turning tender,
my pride turning rigid.
Among the mantles and that soft tact,
surrounded by pillows and scarlet leaves,
in midst of the heat, I bathe on it.
As those fleshy pillars open their gates
for the sacred gift, the gift of man,
I feel the touch of his hands
scrutizing my delicate belly,
before thrusting my bouncy back.
As his breath becomes nearer,
his lips softening mine,
I feel him getting in,
and we both become one.
His timid voice becoming deep,
and his insecurity shattared by vigour,
that boy becomes man,
his gaze turned on by the vast empire in front,
so voluoptous, so grand;
fervouring his ambition.
He readies for ferocious battle
as sweat comes down his muscles
and with resolve in his spirit,
his ultimate conquest begins.
I feel his sword in midst my meat,
Oh! The screams, filled with passion,
his mighty army breaking against my ranks,
as thunderous clapping resounds in echo.
Him too feels the weight of the clash,
as I grab him by my arms,
enveloping his strong, wide chest.
Yet his breath turns warmer,
as my guts dance in excitement,
great cacophonic symphony ensues,

first with glory, then domination.
My defenses are broken, my eyes wide open.
How can a man carry with such firmness?
Against a foe decuple his size?
Yet that only seems to excite him further,
as waves of the unholy bubbles vibrate by his pounding.
He becomes less restrained, more savage.
It seems that his passion has blinded his thought.
My beating heart accelerates, as our bodies
-mine by oil, him by sweat-
shine in the sunset.
And I feel so greatly his thrust,
as I heart then his final war cry,
the last charge has begun,
and my ranks cannot longer resist.
Roars of thumping and clashing,
running with excitement and fear.
The empire has fallen in a blazing inferno.
I feel so humilliated by my defeat,
yet so delighted by it,
by a foe I know well,
a worthy one indeed.
His war has been won,
and I lay dying surrounded by silk,
filled with exctasy,
not by mundane riches,
but the melliflous feeling of tenderness,
as I feel the warm feel of life gushing in my insides,
the love of a foe and the ravage vigour of lover,
reserved only for the most intimate and worthy of his breed.
As I breath my last, I turn around
and see the black sillhoute of his figure,
the one who won me,
the one I'd be dominated for.
I close my eyes,
with a smile behind the black cloth covering my mouth,
as my satisfied fibers now rests to give way to calm happiness,
being alongside the one I love.